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QUEBEC GARRISON CLUB.

ST. LOUIS STREET AND ITS STORIED PAST.



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THE  
QUEBEC GARRISON CLUB,

Established 11th September, 1879.

ST. LOUIS STREET AND ITS STORIED PAST.

A Christmas Sketch specially printed by the Club  
for its Guests.



QUEBEC:  
"MORNING CHRONICLE" STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.  
1891.

QUEBEC GARRISON CLUB,

15TH NOVEMBER, 1890.

PATRON.

His Excellency, Lord STANLEY OF PRESTON,  
Governor General of Canada.

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His Honor the Honble. A. R. ANGERS, Lt.-Governor of the Province  
of Quebec.

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Major General IVOR C. J. HERBERT, C.B., Commanding Militia of  
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Lt-Colonel G. AMYOT, Commanding 9th Battalion, "Vol-  
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Lt-Colonel THOS. ROY, 9th Battalion, "Voltigeurs de Québec."

Lt-Colonel J. E. PROWER, Commanding 8th Battalion, "Royal Rifles."

Major CRAWFORD LINDSAY, Commanding Quebec Field Battery.

Major J. F. WILSON, Commanding "B" Battery, R. C. A.

Capt. ED. MONTIZAMBERT, 8th Royal Rifles.

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Dr. HY. RUSSELL, Surgeon, Q. O. C. H.

AUDITORS.

Capt. ARTHUR AHERN.

Capt. L. F. PINAULT, 9th Batt, V. Q.

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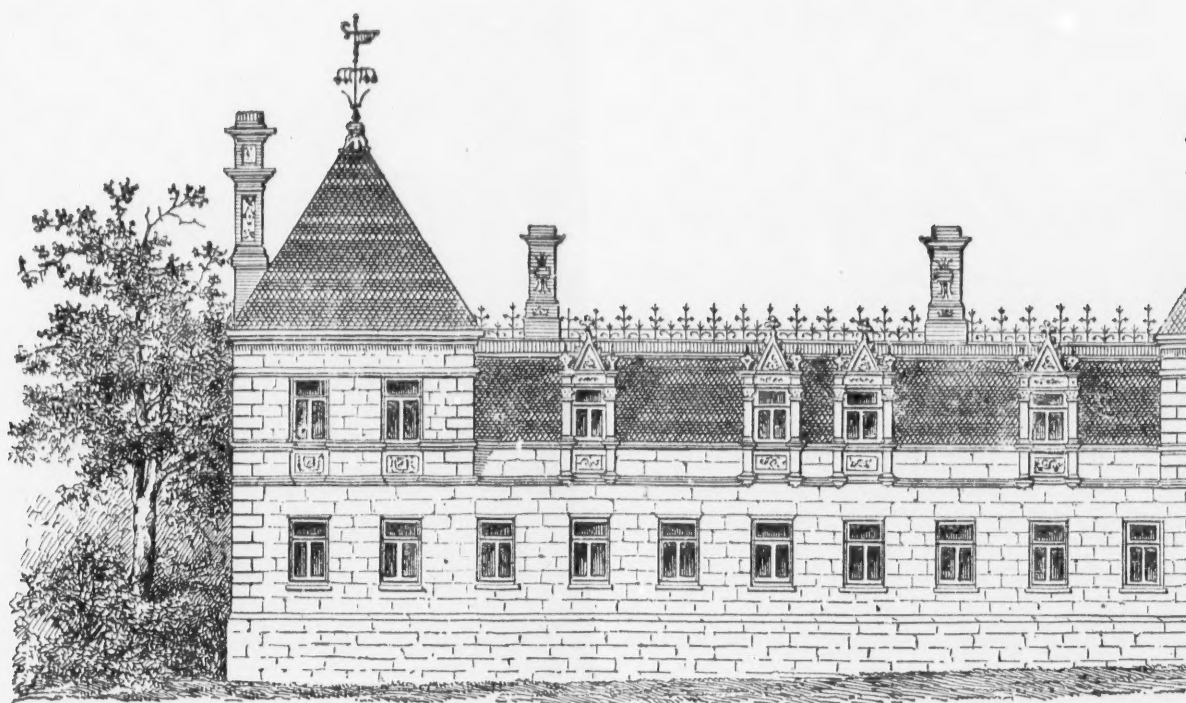
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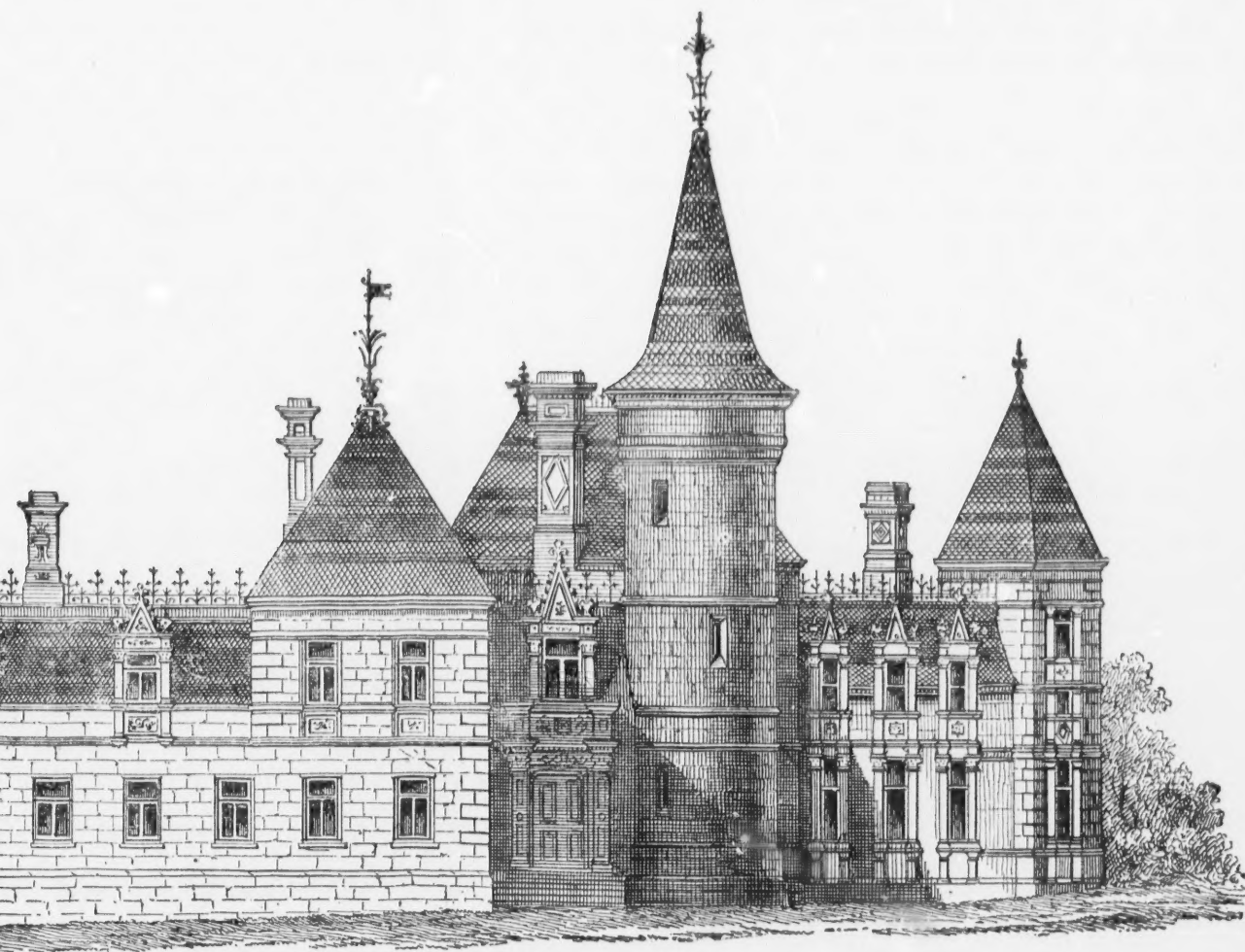
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The projected Quebec Garrison





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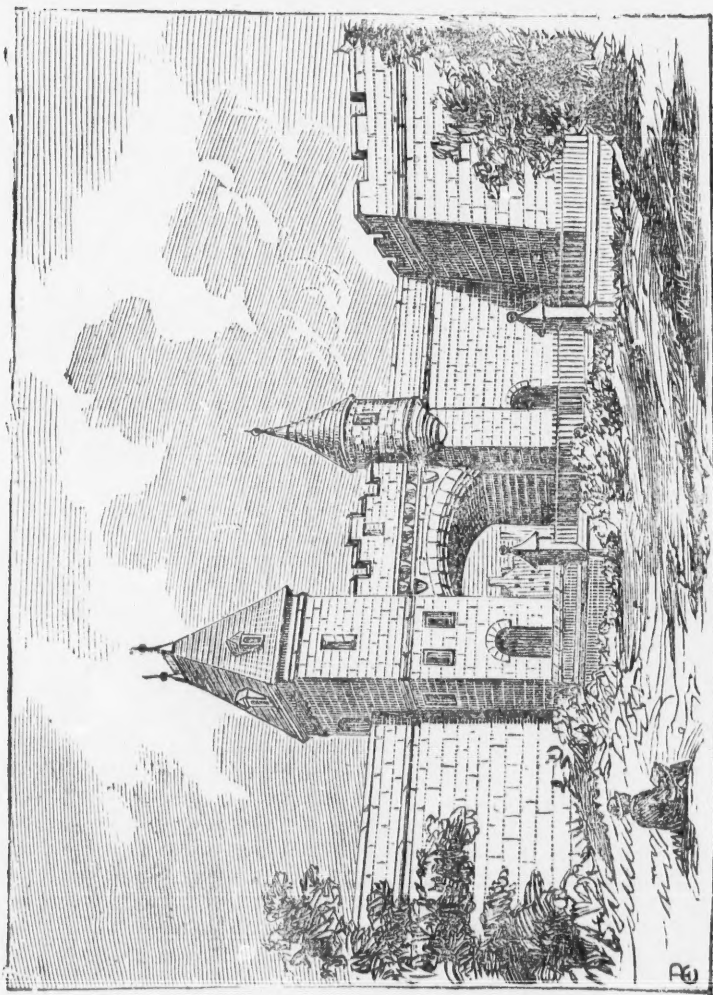


## The projected Quebec Garrison Club Building.

“This handsome structure was a part of the original Dufferin improvements, and great praise is due to our Deputy-Commissioner of Crown Lands, E. E. Taché, Esq., for the trouble he has taken in drafting these beautiful plans, so as to preserve the old original building entire, while at the same time, by adding the additional story, towers, entrance hall, and wing, he gives us the *tout ensemble* of a Norman Regal château of the last century.

The early history of the R. E. office in Quebec is interwoven not a little with our old system previous to Responsible Government, when the commanding officer of Royal Engineers was a most important personage, and second only in authority to the Governor-General himself, who was also a military officer and commander-in-chief. In those days, before the Crown Lands were vested in the Provincial Government, the C. R. E. sat at the land-board, in order to retain reserves for the Crown, or for military purposes, and in other ways to advise the Governor-General in such matters; but unfortunately all the old and interesting records of that period were removed with the head-quarters under Sir John Oldfield, R.E., to Montreal in 1839 and destroyed in the great fire in 1852.

At a very early date after the conquest the R. E. office was located in a wing of the Parliament House, near Prescott Gate, and also in the old Château St. Louis; but upon the purchase of the present building, with the land attached, at the foot of the Citadel hill, from Archibald Ferguson, Esq., on the 5th July, 1819, removed thither, and there remained as the C. R. E. quarters until the withdrawal of the troops a few years ago, in accordance with the change of policy in England, in regard to the Colonies, requiring Colonel Hamilton, R.E., the last Imperial Commandant of this garrison in 1871, to hand it over to the care of the Canadian Militia, whose pride it, ever will be to preserve and perpetuate the memories of the army of worthies and statesmen who have sat and worked within its walls.”—(*Morning Chronicle, Christmas Supplement, 1881.*)



New Saint Louis Gate.

# A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

## ST. LOUIS STREET—ITS STORIED PAST.

(Dedicated to Quebec Garrison Club.)

"I can re-people with the past and of  
The present there is still for eye and thought  
And meditation chasten'd down, enough."

—Childe Harold.

One of those soft, bright September evenings, just as the lessening beams of the setting sun glinted over our church spires and over the gilt vane of the new city gates,—Lord Dufferin's parting token of interest in the "Walled city of the North,"—I happened to be standing on the lofty arch which spans St. Louis Gate, in company with a true friend of the Ancient Capital, Wm. Kirby, F.R.S.C., the admired author of the "Golden Dog" novel,—that day my honored guest at Spencer Grange,

Our gaze took in from end to end the suggestive panorama disclosed by this aristocratic thoroughfare. "Why not compare notes," said I, "on the men and incidents of the past, connected with the dwellings lining the street?"

As I proceeded, quoting history and naming the old and new residents, my esteemed friend, the Niagara poet and novelist, seemed as if inspired by this pensive, dreamy scene. How often since have I regretted not having prevailed on him to commit to paper his glowing thoughts?

"St. Louis Gate!" said Kirby,—"I mean the old gate—why that takes one back more than two hundred years. One would like to know what King Louis XIII replied to his far-seeing Prime Minister—Cardinal de Richelieu—when he reported to him that a crooked path in wood-crowned Stadacona, leading through the forest primeval, by a narrow clearance called *la Grande Allée*, all the way to Sillery, was called Louis street; that he, Richelieu, had or-

New Saint Louis Gate.



dered that his own name should be given to another forest path near the Côteau Ste. Geneviève, now Richelieu street, and that it ran parallel to another uneven road, called after a pious French Duchess--d'Aiguillon street, whilst the street laid out due north parallel to St. Louis street, took the name of the French Queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria. Did the royal master of Versailles realise then what a fabulous amount of Canadian history would be transacted on this rude avenue of his nascent capital in New France?" "Suppose," said I to the poet, "we saunter down the street as far as Dufferin Terrace, refreshing our memory and feasting our eyes on the pageants and stirring events of yore--of which this street has been the arena?"

"A sight which doubtless powerfully appealed to every British heart must have been the spectacle presented at St. Louis Gate, on the afternoon after the surrender of the keys of Quebec, by de Ramsay, to Brigadier General Townshend: the 18th September, 1759. Let us peer through the mist of years, and watch the measured tread of Wolfe's veterans: the three companies of Louisbourg Grenadiers and some light infantry, under the command of Lt. Col. Murray, "preceded," says Capt. Knox, their comrade in arms, "by fifty men of the Royal Artillery and one gun with lighted match and with the British colours hoisted on its carriage, the Union flag being displayed on the citadel." "Captain Paliser with a large body of seamen and inferior officers at the same time took possession of the lower town, and hoisted colours on the summit of the declivity (Mountain Hill) leading from the high to the low town".....

Halt! says Murray to his victorious men, on reaching through the battered city, "the grand parade (the Ring) where the flag-gun will be left-fronting the Main guard"....

Such, says this contemporary historian, Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd, the mode of taking possession of Quebec.

"There, on your right, I added, is the steep, winding ascent to our famous Citadel, built on plans submitted by the Royal Engineers, approved of by the great Duke of Wellington, and constructed, 1821-32, at a cost of \$25,000,000. Up to 1693, the French had not thought necessary to fortify Cape Diamond; in 1694, St. Louis and St. John's

gates were erected. In 1775, Capts. Gordon and Mann, R. E., had drafted a plan for a temporary Citadel. In 1779, it was begun by Capt. Twiss, R. E. In 1793, Capt. Fisher reported it had gone to decay and applied at headquarters for plans to protect St. Louis and St. John's gates.

Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Lord Dufferin selected this very airy post for his summer holiday home, after each Parliamentary recess. A noble terrace and ballroom were since added; Princess Louise, one of Queen Victoria's fair daughters, and her consort of the lordly house of Argyle, occupy it at the present moment. Let us not intrude, at this late hour, on the privacy of these cultured city guests. H. R. H. may possibly, at this very instant, be engaged in painting, from the Prince's Feather Bastion,—a gorgeous Canadian sunset—just as the sun god is giving his last kiss to the green groves of Levis and dropping an expiring ray on the chasm of placid waters 350 feet below, pushing their wavelets to the ocean, whilst Lord Lorne is revolving in his own mind, the best means to secure long life and success to his pet creation, the Royal Society of Canada.

Art and Literature, stalking hand in hand, is this not a winsome sight for you and me, my dear poet?

But to revert to our grim, casemated citadel, who now will write the garrison chronicles of the hundred and one dashing British regiments, previously quartered there?

They too, had their days of scares and dire alarms, in 1837-8, when those rank rebels, the *Chasseurs Canadiens*,\* meditated mischief and were only, as they later on pretended, prevented by a bright moon, from creeping up, under the veil of night to surprise the sentries and take possession of the impregnable fortress, to which had been removed for safe-keeping, the specie of our Canadian Banks. If success-

\*To a stalwart old *chasseur* of 1837-8, I am indebted for the form of the oath taken. The candidate for initiation was admitted in a room, then blindfolded and made to kneel between two men, one of whom held a pistol to his ear, the other pointing a poniard to his heart. The form of oath was then read. The candidate swore to keep secret the proceedings of the *Patriotes*, in the approaching rising, consenting to have his throat cut if he failed. The bandage was then removed and the oath signed.

(For further particulars, see p. 252-3 of "Picturesque Quebec.")

ful, according to some rabid Tories of that period, *les Anglais* were all to be "shot, piked or hamstrung!"

Life in the casemates and on the hog's back was not, however, always perilous, precarious, uncertain. Times were, when returning from the Saturday tandem drive, in winter, from Billy Button's noted rustic hostelry, at Lorette, the absorbing topic at mess, was a projected garrison ball on the citadel, or a moose or cariboo hunt on the Laurentian ridge, north of Quebec, or at Les Jardins in rear of Baie St. Paul, under the guidance of Vincent, Gros Louis, Tahourenche or Tsioüi, the infatigable Huron Nimrods of Indian Lorette. There were also for the petted red coats and the city belles, days of tears or of joy, when the regiments on their removal to other garrisons, claimed or forgot to claim some of the Quebec or Montreal fair ones as their not unwilling brides.

As we hurry past, let us glance, on the gorge of the west bastion on the ascent, at the spot, where rested from the 4th January, 1776, to the 16th June, 1813, the remains of the rash Brigadier General Richard Montgomery, until their removal to St. Paul's Church, New York, at the request of Jane Livingstone, his sorrowing widow who had a suitable monument erected to his memory. Let us hail as we pass the Garrison Club, founded on the 11th September, 1879, the shades of all those eminent Royal Engineer officers, who, of yore, vied with one another in devising plans to make our fortalice impregnable, Gothermann, Twiss, Bruyeres, Durnford, Duberger, By, the founder of Bytown, now Ottawa. In this long, low building, for years the head-quarters of the Royal Engineers, the Quebec Garrison Club now holds forth; adjoining, enshrined in garden plots and shade trees, still stands the old Sewell manor, built by Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, in 1804, where this eminent jurist and ripe scholar closed his long and distinguished career, on the 12th November, 1839. The chronicles of his famous old mansion, now the quarters of our Dominion School of Cavalry, would, alone, fill a volume. At the corner of d'Auteuil and St. Louis streets, on a lot owned, in 1791, by the Chief Justice's father-in-law, Hon. Wm. Smith, an eminent U. E. Loyalist and our Chief Justice in 1786, a double modern residence now stands. It was occupied, in 1860, by our Governor-General, Lord Monck. Div-

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ided since into two tenements, it is owned and tenanted by Judge G. N. Bossé and by Judge A. B. Routhier, F.R.S.C. At the next house, resided and died on the 17th December, 1847, the Hon. W. Smith, son of the Chief Justice and the author of Smith's *History of Canada*, the first volume of which was published at Quebec, in 1815. In 1812-3 the American prisoners taken at Detroit, &c., occupied for a time this tenement. For years, it was the cosy mansion of the late Sheriff Alleyn.

We have just walked past a wide expanse of verdure, fringed with graceful maples and elms—sacred to military evolutions—the Esplanade,—extending from St. Louis to St. John's Gate, facing the green slope, crowned by the city fortifications. On our left, you can notice a low, old rookery. One hundred years ago it sheltered a brave U. E. Loyalist family—the Collins; it was since purchased by the City Council. In this penurious, squeezed up local, the Recorder daily holds his Court. Next to it, with a modern cut stone front occurs our modest City Hall, acquired from the heirs Dunn, at present quite inadequate to municipal requirements. On one corner, opposite, dwells the Hon. P. Pelletier, Senator; on the other, Sir H. L. Langevin,—for years one of our leading statesmen. Within a stone's throw up St. Ursule street, still exists the massive, spacious mansion of the late Sir James Stuart, Bart. This eminent jurist closed here his career in 1853. The house was afterward bought by his nephew, the late Judge of Vice-Admiralty. George Okill Stuart, who expired in it, in April, 1884.

One would imagine the street was predestined to be the head-quarters of our ermined sages, ever since the Court of *La Senuehaussée* sat about 1660, at the eastern end in a state-ly building, since removed. On, or near, the site now stands the dwelling and study of James Dunbar, Q. C. Let us try and name some of these eminent gentlemen of the long robe: Judges Lotbinière, Mabane, Dunn, Elmsley, Sewell, René Edouard Caron, (subsequently a respected Lieutenant-Governor), Van Felson, Jos. N. Bossé, Tessier, Bonaventure Caron, Guillaume Bossé, Routhier, Duval, Taschereau, Piset, Maguire, Crémazie; Chauveau, with candidates for the Bench at every second door. Some barristers have held



out in that street for more than a half century. Sir N. F. Belleau occupies still the house he acquired in 1835. One land mark of our Republican neighbors will some day or other disappear, couper Gobert's little shop, where was laid out on Sunday, 31st December, 1775, Richard Montgomery's stiffened remains brought in from Près-de-Ville.

There stands solitary, half-lit up by the departing orb of day, a spacious, old, not very ornate edifice familiar to you. In rear is seen from the street the lofty, solid wall of historic Mount Carmel. Judge Geo. J. Irvine's dainty garden bowers, and some Lombardy poplars, occupy the place where of yore was erected Dupont de Neuville's wind-mill and cavalier. No trace now of the frowning three-gun battery, in position in October, 1690—a portion of the city defences against Admiral Phips.

On this site a deal of stirring and some social incidents of Canadian history were enacted. Here was the mansion, where on 4th February, 1667, Judge L. Théantre Chartier de Lotbinière, Lieutenant-General of the French King, gave the first grand ball in New France—possibly in North America. Watch the magnificent Marquis of Tracy, introducing to the distinguished host, his gorgeously habited young guardsmen—sprigs of the French nobility;—he is followed by Governor de Courcelles—Intendant Talon and other dignitaries. Such a novelty as a grand ball—among *la crème de la crème* of society at Quebec—did not pass unheeded; a pious ecclesiastic wrote an account of it to France, expressing, hesitantly, the hope that no evil results might follow!

Nearly a century later, stood here the head-quarters of Brigadier-General James Murray—the Commandant at Quebec. Old memoirs tell how rudely our first Governor's sleep was interrupted on the night of the 26th April, 1760, by the officer of the watch, admitting to his presence, the half-frozen French cannonier, whom Capt. McCartney, of the sloop-of-war "Race Horse," had had rescued that night from the ice floes carried by the tide past Quebec. British troopers conveyed him up Mountain Hill to St. Louis street on a "sailor's hammock," to General Murray's head-quarters. The ill-fated sergeant before expiring had just, on swallow-

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ing cordials, recovered enough strength to tell defiantly—one may suppose—the alarming tidings of the presence of Levi's 12,000 men at St. Augustin, on their march to Quebec. Sleep did not revisit the astounded warrior that night. Orders were promptly issued for a large body of troops to go at break of day and gather in Murray's detachments at the outposts, at Sillery, Ste. Foye, Ancient Lorette, &c.

This was not, however, the only exciting experience the stern General was doomed to encounter, at Quebec.

On the 9th May, 1760, writes Sergeant James Thompson, one of Murray's stalwart troopers, (General Murray was startled by the news of the appearance round Pointe Levi, of a ship-of-war, the "Leostoff," a fresh arrival from sea, "seen tacking across and across between Pointe Levi and the opposite shore." Was she English or French? As yet she had showed no colors. Was she a friend from the white cliffs or old England, or a foe from Brest or L'Orient? Hope and relief or defeat and surrender?

The news he says, "electrified" the General, who was at that moment "in a meditative mood, sitting before the fire in the chimney place." All uncertainty ceased when the "Leostoff" hoisted the meteor flag of England, in response to the English colors, ordered by Murray to be displayed from the Citadel. The whole city guns roared out a salute; on the 16th, the arrival in port of the "Vanguard" and the "Diana," other frigates, meant that the old *regime* was closed for ever.

The French legions, expecting an immediate attack on their trenches, took to flight, leaving their breakfast still cooking in camp.

This solid edifice, the bright home of Judge Elmsley at the dawn of the century, was subsequently acquired by the Ordnance Department, as an officers barracks for one of the regiments of British troops stationed at Quebec, and has remained ever since as quarters to the Dominion staff of officers. †

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† It is now occupied by Lt.-Col. Forest, Lt.-Col. Taschereau, and other members of the Dominion Forces.

I was here interrupted by my genial friend. "You have omitted one not unimportant episode. Here also, added Mr. Kirby, lived and flourished the beautiful Angelique de Meloises, Madame Hughes Pean, Intendant Bigot's charmer. In the rosy days of my youth and romance, when Quebec appeared to me like a poem, I described it as follows: "The family mansion of the des Meloises was a tall and rather pretentious edifice, overlooking the fashionable Rue Saint Louis, where it still stands, old and melancholy, as if mourning over its departed splendors. Few eyes look up nowadays to its broad facade. It was otherwise when the beautiful Angelique sat of summer evenings on the balcony, surrounded by a bevy of Quebec's fairest daughters, who loved to haunt her windows, where they could see and be seen to the best advantage, exchanging salutations, smiles and repartees with the gay young officers and gallants who rode or walked along the lively thoroughfare."

"Enough! Enough! Poet, my friend. These were festive times, but was there aught in them to make us proud?" \*

Now my poetical friend, we are getting near to sacred ground. Shall I say "*Sta, viator, heroem calcas!*" for, a hero expired here; I do verily believe.

Tarry with me one moment, within the lobby of this long, narrow high-peaked, antique, French tenement facing Parloir street. Doubtless its active present proprietor, Mr. P. Campbell, livery stable keeper, will ere long replace it, alas! with some modern structure more suitable to his calling.

With due deference to the opinions of others, methinks this was in September, 1759, the surgery of Dr. Arnoux, Jr., where Montcalm was brought wounded from the Plains of

\* It sometimes happened, says Col. Cockburn, R.A., in those days, when a gentleman possessed a very handsome wife, that the husband was sent to take charge of a distant post, where he was sure to make his fortune. Bigot's *chère amie*, was a handsome Madame P—, in consequence of which as a matter of course, Mr. P. became prodigiously wealthy. Bigot had a house that stood where the Officers Barracks, in St. Louis street now stands; one New Year's Day, he presented this house to Madame P—, as a New Year's gift; such was the magnificence of this gentleman."

(Quebec and its Environs in 1831.)

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Abraham, through St. Louis Gate and where the illustrious patient had his wounds attended to. ‡

"On what grounds, enquired Mr. Kirby, do you settle on this spot, as the locality where expired the hero? No one yet has cleared up this debated point."

Captain John Knox, a contemporary, appears to me quite astray, in his account of the event; even Frs. Parkman and subsequent historians, have failed to solve the problem.

"Well, I replied, the disquisition would involve much more space than this sketch could afford."

I challenged investigation, in a French essay, in 1871, in *l'Album du Touriste*; I repeated the challenge in an English review, in 1890, the *Canadian Antiquarian*, of Montreal, but no one, so far has picked up the glove.

What a sorrowful sight, this aristocratic thoroughfare must have disclosed, about noon, on the 13th September, 1759, when Wolfe's intrepid rival, with face bronzed by Italian and Canadian suns, was returning from his last battle-field, supported by two grenadiers, on his black

† At 8 p.m. on the 14th, his mortal remains, in a rude coffin, were laid in the hole, within the Ursuline Chapel—which a shell from the English fleet had made. We notice, as we pass, the entrance to the hoary old Monastery alive with memories of old.

"A curious pictorial plan or map of the original Convent is still in existence. In this St. Lewis Street appears merely a broad road between the original forest street, and is called "La Grande Allée," without a building immediately on either side.

"At a little distance to the north of "La Grande Allée," is a narrow path called 'le Petit Chemin,' running parallel, and leading into the forest. The house of Mde. de la Peltrie, the founder of the Convent, is described as occupying, in 1642, the Corner of Garden Street. The Ursuline Convent stood at the north-west of Mde. de la Peltrie's house, abutting on "Le Petit Chemin," which ran parallel to St. Louis Street, and fronting towards Garden Street. It is represented as being a well proportioned and substantial building, two stories high, with an attic, four chimneys, and a cupola or bellry in the centre. The number of windows in front was eleven. In other compartments of this interesting map, are seen *La Mère de l'Incarnation* instructing the young Indian girls, under an ancient oak tree, and other nuns proceeding to visit the savages. In La Grande Allée, the present St. Louis Street, we see Mr. Daillebout the Governor on horseback, and Mde. de la Peltrie entering her house, &c.

"This plan is probably the most ancient, as it is the most interesting representation extant of any portion of Quebec."

charged and courteously greeting, but with down cast countenance some poor women, horrified at his appearance, and telling them that he was not seriously hurt and not to weep for him!

And indeed are the incidents and spectacles recalled by this historic street.

At the corner opposite to this spot lived Abbé Vignal, previous to his joining the *Sulpiciens*, in Montreal. In October, 1661, he was captured by the Iroquois, at *La Prairie de la Magdeleine*, near Montreal, roasted alive and partly eaten by these fiends incarnate.

Nineteen years previous, on a blustery Saturday night in December, 1775, the peaceable denizens of St. Louis street had been startled from their sleep at 5 a.m., by the loud voice of the officer on duty, Capt. Fraser, rushing down the street, towards the main guard at the Recollects, exclaiming at beat of drum "*To arms! To arms!*" The solitary sentry making his rounds on the St. John bastion, in the gathering storm, had reported an armed body of men, as if marching to assault the city gates. It was the feint entrusted to Col. Livingstone, while the Commander-in-Chief, Richard Montgomery, and his intrepid lieutenant, Col. Benedict Arnold, were marching under cover of night, intending to meet him at the foot of Mountain Hill which they were to ascend and storm Quebec.—*Sed Diis aliter visum!*

Facing Garden street we shall meet the *Academy of Music* and next to it, the *St. Louis Hotel*.

On, on we go, past the imposing new Court House, just completed on the site of the former one, dating back to 1814 and destroyed by fire 1st February, 1871.

In this neighborhood also, in 1764, Brown and Gilmore printed, twenty-four years before the *London Times*, the first number of the *Quebec Gazette* "two doors higher than the Secretary's office" wherever the latter may have been. The venerable sheet died of old age 110 years later, in 1874, merged into the *QUEBEC MORNING CHRONICLE*.

There still stands on the east corner of Haldimand and St. Louis streets, the spacious, modernized old Kent House, the winter-quarters, 1791-94, of H. R. H. Prince Edward,

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Queen Victoria's father, the stern Colonel of the 7th Fusiliers, at that time in garrison at Quebec.

The *Quebec Gazette* of the 4th March 1794, advertises the mansion as "Miss Mabane's elegant house, No. 6 Port St. Louis street;" it was then occupied by the Lord Bishop Mountain.

Next to it, is the high peaked, antique Commissariat Building, purchased in the early part of the century, from old Peter Brehaut—fitted out with solid iron shutters, by the Imperial Government for the safe keeping, before the era of banks and police in Quebec, of the specie paid out to the troops and army contractors. At the departure of the Commissariat Staff, in 1871, it was put in thorough repair by the Dominion Government, and is now used as the Militia Bureau and residence of the D. A. G., Lt.-Col. T. J. Duchesnay, Commanding 7th Military District, and President of the Quebec Garrison Club.

Now we have reached the east end of St. Louis street, where it is intersected by DesCarrières street, leading to the Cape. I can scarcely forbear telling you of a sight I witnessed here in the troublous days of 1837-8. General Theller and Colonel Dodge, the Yankee sympathizers, had escaped the night previous from their cells on the Citadel, by drugging with laudanum and porter the British sentries on their beat; it was established that they had then let themselves down from the Bastion by using the flagstaff haliards. All Quebec was on the alert. The Commandant of the garrison, Sir James Macdonald, an old Waterloo veteran, had worked himself into a white heat, when he heard of the escape of the American prisoners. The sentries were doubled at the city gates; no vehicles allowed to leave, except after undergoing a searching investigation.

I can re-call the bakers' carts and other vehicles flying down St. Louis street to Prescott Gate; and fancy I can yet hear the profane language uttered by the Jehus on being challenged and stopped by the sentries. Few then were aware of the mode of escape of the distressed warriors; the captives had been concealed by those rank rebels, the "*Chasseurs Canadiens*, a secret and daring club, each member bound by a terrible oath to promote the rising of the *patriotes*."

The *Grande Place* (or Ring) to the east of the Court House for two centuries or more played an important part in city pageants, public meetings, military parades. Until the year of the castle's destruction by fire, in 1834, the Tandem and Driving Clubs in winter used to meet there and the first turnout each fall, presided by the English Governor, occupying the adjoining chateau, was a memorable one. The Ring was planted with shade trees by the Mayor of Quebec, Thomas Pope, Esq., in 1862; recently it has been provided with a fountain and a diminutive *jet d'eau*.

On the site adjoining the residence of James Dunbar, Esq., Q.C., No. 1 St. Louis street, one would now seek in vain for any vestige of the *Palais* or *Senechaussee* of 1664, where sat the Sovereign Council. In 1665 it was allotted as the residence of the proud Marquis of Tracy, on his arrival from France. Francis Parkman will acquaint us with this great dignitary of the *ancien regime*:—

"When Tracy set sail he found no lack of followers. A throng of young nobles embarked with him, eager to explore the marvels and mysteries of the western world. The King gave him two hundred soldiers of the regiment of Carignan-Salières, and promised that a thousand more should follow. On the thirtieth of June, 1665, he anchored in the basin of Quebec. The broad, white standard, blazoned with the arms of France, proclaimed the representative of royalty, and Point Levi and Cape Diamond and the distant Cape Tourmente roared back the sound of saluting cannon. All Quebec was on the ramparts or at the landing-place, and all eyes were strained at the two vessels as they slowly emptied their crowded decks into the boats alongside. The boats at length drew near, and the lieutenant-general and his suite landed on the quay with a pomp such as Quebec had never seen before.

"Tracy was a veteran of sixty two years, portly and tall, 'one of the largest men I ever saw,' writes Mother Mary.

"The Chevalier de Chaumont walked by his side, and young nobles surrounded him, gorgeous in lace and ribbons and majestic in leonine wigs. Twenty-four guards in the King's livery led the way, followed by four pages and six valets; and thus while the Frenchmen shouted and the Indians



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started, the august procession threaded the streets of the Lower Town, and climbed the steep pathway that scaled the cliffs above. Breathing hard, they reached the top, passed on the left the dilapidated walls of the fort and the shed of mingled wood and masonry which then bore the name of the castle of St. Louis, passed on the right the old house of Couillard and the site of Laval's new seminary, and soon reached the square between the Jesuit College and the Cathedral. The bells were ringing in a frenzy of welcome. Laval in pontificals, surrounded by priests and Jesuits, stood waiting to receive the Deputy of the King; and as he greeted Tracy and offered him the holy water he looked with anxious curiosity to see what manner of man he was."

Let me, in closing, point out the vanished splendor of the historic pile, which cost both France and England, fabulous sums, from 1620 to 1834, to keep it in repair. How many proud French Viceroy's held here their quasi-regal court, to impress the surrounding savage tribes, with the idea of French power? How many distinguished English noblemen succeeded them? Champlain, de Montmagny, d'Aillebout, de Lauzon, d'Argenson, d'Avaugour, de Mesy, de Courcelle, de Vaudreuil, de la Galissonnière, de Ramezay, de Beauharnois, de Longueuil, de la Jonquière, Duquesne; General J. Murray, Sir Guy Carleton, Sir Fred. Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir J. H. Craig, Sir George Prevost, Sir J. Coal Sherbrooke, Duke of Richmond, Earl of Dalhousie, Sir James Kempt, Earl of Aylmer.

I am sure, my dear poet, you must have seen much in the antique chateau which the historian Parkman failed to discover.

Professor Pierre Kalm described it in 1749 as follows:—"The Palace is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outside by iron rails, from whence the city and river exhibit a charming prospect. This

gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here till he is at leisure.

"The palace is the lodging of the Governor-General of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and at the court-yard; and when the Governor or the Bishop comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The Governor-General has his own chapel, where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to mass at the church of the *Recollets*, which is very near the palace."

You, Mr. Kirby, have found the secret of surrounding the historic pile, where so much of Canadian history was transacted, with a rare glamour of romance.

Let me quote your own words: "The great hall of the Castle of St. Louis was palatial in its dimensions and adornment. The panels of wainscoting upon the walls were hung with paintings of historic interest, portraits of the Kings, Governors, Intendants and Ministers of State, who had been instrumental in the colonization of New France.

"Over the Governor's seat hung a gorgeous escutcheon of the Royal arms, draped with a cluster of white flags, sprinkled with golden lilies,—the emblems of French Sovereignty in the colony. Among the portraits on the walls, beside those of the late (Louis XIV.) and present King (Louis XV.), which hung on each side of the throne, might be seen the features of Richelieu, who first organized the rude settlements on the St. Lawrence in a body politic, a reflex of feudal France; and of Colbert, who made available its natural wealth and resources, by peopling it with the best scions of the Mother Land,—the noblesse and peasantry of Normandy, Brittany and Aquitaine. There, too, might be seen the keen, bold features of Cartier, the first discoverer, and of Champlain, the first explorer of the new land, and the founder of Quebec. The gallant, restless Louis Buade de Frontenac, was pictured there, side by side with his fair countess, called by reason of her surpassing loveliness 'The Divine.' Vaudreuil, too, who spent a long life of devotion to his country, and Beauharnois, who nourished its young strength until it was able to resist not only the powerful

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confederacy of the Five Nations, but the still more powerful league of New England and the other English colonies. There, also, were seen the sharp, intellectual face of Laval, its first Bishop, who organized the Church and education in the colony; and of Talon, wisest of Intendants, who devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture, the increase of trade, and the well-being of all the King's subjects in New France. And one more portrait was there, worthy to rank among the statesmen and rulers of New France,—the pale, calm, intellectual features of Mère Marie de l'Incarnation,—the first Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec, who, in obedience to heavenly visions, as she believed, left France to found schools for the children of the new colonists, and who taught her own womanly graces to her own sex, who were destined to become the future mothers of New France."

"Well said," my eloquent friend! "I chimed in. You seem to have left little to add anent the whilom splendor of the old Chateau St. Louis. One thing yet remains to complete the ornamentation of the historic site on which it stood: A MONUMENT TO THE IMMORTAL FOUNDER OF QUEBEC; worthy of Champlain, worthy of Quebec. To me it is a dream of my youth. May we both be spared to see it!"

J. M. LEMOINE.

SPENCER GRANGE,  
Christmas Eve, 1890.